tion of February, 1797, and releasing the parole prisoners.

The way I learnt Sir Sidney's arrival was singular. I was asked by Madame d'O. to a little music in the morning, where Angelletti and Benelli were to sing. I found the rooms full of French dukes and duchesses, &c., and other *emigres*, waiting for the arrival of the Dukes de Bourbon and Berri, who came about three. As soon as they entered the room, the Duke de Bourbon crossed it, and came up to me. "Je crois," said he, "que vous serez enchant6 de savoir que le Commodore Sidney Smith est arriv£; je viens de le voir—il s'est sauv6 du Temple par le moyen d'un officier de Farmee de Cond<§, avec un faux ordre du Directoire."

The Duke de Berri is very little and stumpy, with thick lips and rather a *figure ignoble*—not so fat, but like Mr. Heneage. He stands first upon one leg, then on the other. Like all his family, he is very unassuming and polite. The Frenchmen never sit down when he is in the room.

I hear from authority that the captain of the *Hercule* is to be sent over immediately, in exchange

for Sir S. S. That looks like an escape by agreement, either settled, as some say, for three thousand pounds, or by Bergeret when last over. Some say